

# POEMS ON DIVINE SUBJECTS

In Two Parts.

To which is added,  
A POEM to the Memory of  
the Rev. Mr. BENJAMIN  
STINTON.

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetae;  
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vita.*

Hor. de Arte Poetica

By THO. HARRISON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by John Clark in  
the Poultry; E. Matthews in Pater-Noster-  
Row; and T. Sanders in Little-Britain.  
MDCCXIX.

Ann Milner

To the Church of Christ

meeting in Little Wild

Street



Dear Friends,  
I ought to be solicitous for  
the Promotion of God's Glo-  
ry, and the Welfare of im-  
mortal Souls in general; to  
I am under a particular Obligation to  
be concerned for your Felicity. My  
near Relation to you, and strong Af-  
fection for you, constrain me most ear-  
nestly to desire that you may always be  
a flourishing People, not in spiritual  
only, but in every way, that you may  
continually grow in wisdom and Prosperity, and  
glory.



*To the Church of CHRIST  
meeting in Little-Wild-  
Street.*

*Dear Friends,*

♦♦♦♦♦ S I ought to be sollicitous for  
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near Relation to you, and strong Af-  
fection for you, constrain me most ear-  
nestly to desire that you may always be  
a flourishing People, not in appearance  
only, but in reality also; that you may  
constantly enjoy inward Prosperity, and

press toward the Mark, for the Prize of the high Calling of God in Christ Jesus. This is a glorious Privilege, and that for which I am daily wrestling with the God of all Grace on your behalf. Nor would I neglect any Means which may have a Tendency thro' the divine Blessing, to further so valuable an End, as your spiritual and eternal Happiness; and therefore I present you with the following Composures, the Fruits of a few leisure Hours, which I hope will be of some Service to you.

Concerning the Usefulness of Poetry in general, I think I need say little. The Nature of it sufficiently recommends it. For as one observes, it contains the Essence of three illustrious Arts, Eloquence, Painting, and Musick. It is the Poet's Business, to endeavour that his Compositions may be adorn'd with proper Figures, with beautiful Descriptions, and with the just Harmony of Numbers. And as to the Usefulness of Poetry in divine Things, that appears plainly from hence, *viz.* That several

Parts

## The Dedication.

Parts of the Holy Scriptures were written in Verse; the inspir'd Poets, judging, that this would render their Composures the more acceptable, and the more profitable to those for whose immediate Service they were design'd. And tho' in a Translation, their Numbers are lost, and some of their other Beauties; yet if the Translation be tolerable, much of their Eloquence, and several very fine Poetical Descriptions will be obvious. Nor are these wanting in some other Parts of the Bible which were written in Prose. But I would refer those who desire to see more on this Subject, to the Rev. Mr. Watts's Preface to his *Home Lyricæ*. 592

With regard to these Poems, I am sensible they will be very offensive to the little Pretenders to Criticism, whose Ill-nature, and vain Conceit of their own Abilities, prompt them to quarrel with every thing that falls under their view: And I fear the more judicious and candid, if they should come into the Hands of any such, will find so many

Faults in them, that they will hardly forgive me; but some of my particular Friends have endeavour'd to perswade me, that they might be useful to solid Christians, and at once divert their Minds, and bring them under the strong Impressions of heav'nly Objects, and to be instrumental thro' the Agency of the divine Spirit, for preparing them to sing the Song of *Moses*, and the Song of the Lamb in the Kingdom of Glory. And if it shall appear, that they were not mistaken, if I shall find my Labour in any measure successful, either for directing, or quickening, or comforting the Souls of those who belong to Christ, I shall have much greater Satisfaction, than the Approbation of the severest Critics could afford me.

I shall say no more concerning the ensuing Poems; but, forasmuch as 'tis very uncertain whether ever I may have another Opportunity to address my self to you in such a manner, I can't tell how to conclude 'till I have given you a few Directions, which may be useful to  
some



## The Dedication

some of you, when my Head is laid in the cold and silent Grave, and when my Work amongst you is put to a Period; Directions which you must carefully observe, or else neither this, nor any other of my Attempts to serve you, will succeed; and which are of equal Concernment to all that fear God.

*First*, Frequently call to Mind, the noble End which is to be pursued by you: Such Thoughts as these should often have room in your Breasts, and be not continued in the Land of the Living to gratify my Carnal Inclinations, to employ my chief Care and Pains about the empty and fleeting Enjoyments which the World affords, but something of a very different Nature I ought to have in view, as a reasonable Creature, and a redeemed Person. I should propose to myself, as the Scope of all my Actions, the Honour and Glory of the Supreme Being, and the everlasting Welfare of my Soul; my Soul, which is of more worth

worth than ten thousand Worlds. It should be my great Concern while I am on Earth, to live to his Praise, by whose Power I was form'd, by whose Grace I am sav'd: And I should long after an Admission into Heaven, because, when I arrive at that blessed World, I shall glorify my God as Angels do, and the Spirits of just Men made perfect. My Happiness also I am to place in the divine Favour, the Enjoyment of a Covenant God, and reconciled Father, both in Time, and to Eternity. The Men of the World say, who will show us any Good, and account themselves happy no longer than the Streams of earthly Delights are flowing round them; but my Language should be, *Lord, lift thou up the light of thy Countenance upon me;* For a Sense of thy Love will excite a nobler Pleasure in my Breast, than the largest Confluence of Temporal Enjoyments: I am also to be thirsting after that fulness of Joy which is in God's Presence, and those Rivers of  
' Plea-

## The Dedication

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Pleasure which are at his Right-hand for evermore. I am to propose nothing short of the obtaining a Felicity large as my Wishes, and lasting as my immortal Spirit. Now serious Meditations of this kind will be very useful, as they tend to strengthen the Resolutions you have made to prosecute the foremention'd End, and as they lead you to renew these holy Resolves.

Secondly, converse much with the Rule by which you are to walk, in the pursuit of this End. The Word of God is to be a Light unto your Feet, and a Lamp unto your Path. This divine Revelation was given to inform your Judgment, and to direct your Practice; and 'tis a plain and perfect Rule. \* For all Scripture is given by Inspiration of God, and is profitable for Doctrine, for Reproof, for Correction, for Instruction in Righteousness; that the Man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnish'd unto all good

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\* Tim. 2d. Ep. 3d. Ch. 16th. 17th. Verses.

## *The Dedication.*

*Works.* There is nothing necessary to be known by you in your present State, which is not contain'd in the Holy Scriptures; either with regard to the Journey you have undertaken, or the Place to which you are travelling; either with regard to the good Fight of Faith, or the Crown of Glory, which you shall lay hold on when that is ended. But how should you conform your Judgments, and Practice to the Word, if you are not well acquainted with it? Let me, therefore, recommend to each of you, the Study of these sacred Oracles: Take all Opportunities for improving your Knowledge of them: And whenever you read them, or employ your Thoughts about them, earnestly implore the Aids of the ever-blessed Spirit, whose Office it is to lead you into all Truth: I am afraid 'tis because his friendly Help is despised by some Persons, and they lean to their own Understandings, that they are led aside from the Paths of Truth, and seek to overthrow the most important Articles



## The Dedication.

articles of the Christian Religion: But if you have recourse to him by frequent and fervent Prayer, you may hope to remain stedfast in the Faith, when a Spirit of Error too much prevails.

Thirdly, Maintain a constant Sense of the Deceitfulness of your own Hearts, and of the great Opposition which you must expect to meet with from your subtle and potent Adversary, the Devil, and from an ensnaring World. The Wise Man makes this Observation, \* *A prudent Man foreseeth the Evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punish'd*: The prudent Man looks round him, and observes the Clouds gathering which threaten a Storm: and the Apprehension of Danger excites him to take proper Methods for defending himself from the Calamity which is approaching towards him. It must therefore be very profitable for us frequently

to consider, that the Christian's Life is a *sharp Warfare*, and that we have *Enemies without to besiege*, and an *Enemy within to betray*; that as our *Hearts are prone to turn aside from God*, to neglect the *Creator for the Creature*, the *Substance for the Shadow*; and as *sensible Objects* make a *deep Impression upon us*, so we have many *Legions of Apostate Spirits in Confederacy against us*; \* for we are told by *St. Paul*, *We wrestle not against Flesh and Blood, but against Principalities, against Powers, against the Rulers of the Darkness of this World, against spiritual Wickedness in high Places*. The *fallen Angels* are moved by their *Hatred against God*, and their *Enmity to Man*, to give the *Saints all possible Disturbance while passing thro' their Territories*, to the *World of eternal Joy*.

*Fourthly, Live in a constant and steady Dependence on the great Re-*

deemer. Let all your Trust and Glor-  
 ying be in the Lord Jesus, as *Jehovah*,  
 your Righteousness and Strength; as one  
 thro' whose Blood you have Redemp-  
 tion, ev'n the Forgiveness of Sins, accord-  
 ing to the Riches of his Grace; as one in  
 whom your sinful Persons, and imperfect  
 Services, are accepted by a God of spot-  
 less Purity; as one out of whose fulness  
 you are to receive, and Grace for Grace:  
 trust in him for that Grace which will  
 direct you when you are most at a Loss;  
 which will strengthen you for the Per-  
 formance of those Duties that are most  
 difficult; which will fortify you against  
 the fiercest Assaults of your spiritual  
 Enemies; which will cause you to sing  
 in the Fire of Affliction, and carry you  
 cheerfully thro' a World of Sin and  
 Sorrow. Hereby, you will exalt that  
 Jesus, whose Honour should be dear  
 to you above all other Things; and in  
 this way you shall receive all needful  
 Supplies from him, for maintaining and  
 improving the divine Life. The A-  
 postle *Paul* experienc'd the Advantage

of this Practice which I am recommending to you, and therefore says, *"I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the Life which I now live in the Flesh, I live by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."*

**Fifthly,** Give your selves to Prayer. You must be praying Christians, if you would be thriving Christians: Prayer is the appointed Means of obtaining the various good Things which we want; and therefore we are requir'd in every thing by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, to make known our Requests to God: and what Encouragement have we to perform this Duty? There is a new and living Way consecrated thro' the Vail of Christ's Flesh, in which we may approach to the Holy of Holies, and meet with Acceptance. And our blessed Saviour has assur'd us, that if we ask any thing of the Father



in his Name, he will do it for us; and that if we ask we shall receive, that our Joy may be full. When we make mention of the Redeemer's worthy Name, and beg, for his sake, the Supply of our Wants, we shall prevail for the Communion of all those Things, the Reception of which will promote the Glory of God, and our real Good. Be often, therefore, on your Knees, O Christians, asking your Father's Blessing: Be diligent in the Performance of Closet Prayer, on which the Power of Religion very much depends: Dare not to go into the World till you have put your selves under God's Protection, implored his Blessing, and thankfully acknowledged the Bounty of your kind Preserver: Dare not to lie down at Night till you have committed your selves to the Almighty's Care, till you have humbled your Souls for all your sinful Follies, and offer'd a Tribute of Praise for the Mercies of the Day. Again, Let those who have Families, who have the Souls of others to take Care of,

of, conscientiously discharge the great and profitable Duty of Family-Prayer: If it be possible, every Morning and Evening let your Families be call'd together to offer up their joint Requests at the Throne of Grace. Let me entreat you also, with Delight to frequent the House of Prayer: There God has recorded his Name, and promised to dwell. There you may hope to feel his Power, to see his Glory, and to taste the Sweetness of his Love; for he says concerning his sincere Worshipers, *Even them will I bring to my holy Mountain, and make them joyful in my House of Prayer.*

*Sincerely,* Make Conscience of embracing every Opportunity for commemorating the dying Love of your dear Redeemer. The Lord's Supper has an admirable tendency to weaken your Lusts, to improve your Graces, and

consequently to ripen you for a Life of Glory; and therefore no trifling Matter should hinder your Attendance on Christ in this Ordinance when the Season returns; but you should constantly frequent the Place where the King of Glory sits at the Table with his Guests, and causes their Spikenard to send forth its fragrant Scent.

*Seventhly,* Frequently meditate on Death and Judgment. Often view the Change which will fix your State for Eternity: Consider it as the Separation of two intimate Companions, the Soul and the Body: And remember, that your Bodies are to be laid in the Dust, and your Souls are to go immediately to the God of the Spirits of all Flesh, by him to be fixed in his glorious Presence, or to be cast into the Lake of unquenchable Fire. Consider also, the Certainty of your Dissolution, the Nearness of it, and the Uncertainty of the particular Time allotted for the Fall of your earthly Houses: When you see Multi-

cludes born to their long Home on the Right-hand, and on the Left; when you feel the Seeds of Mortality working in your Bodies, you are led to conclude, that is appointed unto Men once to die, and that in this War there is no discharge. And a little Observation will show you, that Man who is born of a Woman is of few Days, as well as full of Trouble; that he cometh forth as a Flower, and is cut down; that he fleeth like a Shadow, and continueth not; and that humane Life may fitly be compared to a Vapour, which appeareth for a little Time, and then vanisheth away. Nor is it more certain, that you shall become Captives to the King of Terrors, than it is uncertain at what particular Time he shall gain the Victory over you. God can stop your Breath in a Moment, without giving you a previous Notice, and you have no Assurance that he will not. Moreover, you should often be looking to the Bar of God, and employing your Thoughts about that awful Day in which



which you shall appear before an omniscient and impartial Judge, to receive from his Mouth an irreversible Sentence of Life or Death.

Now the frequent and serious Meditation on these Subjects, would be of no small Service to you in the Course of your Lives: How would this deter you from Sin, and quicken you to Duty? How would this excite you to redeem your Time, and to endeavour that you might not live one Day, one Hour in vain?

Lastly, Let your Conversation be in Heaven, from whence you look for a Saviour. Frequently ascend, by Faith, within the Vail, whither your gracious Redeemer is enter'd as your Forerunner. View him seated on a glorious Throne at the Father's Right hand, and surrounded by Myriads of perfectly holy and happy Spirits, who cast down their Crowns at his Feet, and pay him the highest Adoration. View him in all this Pomp and Splendor, mindful  
of

of his Friends upon Earth, and pleading their Cause with his Father, for whose sake he was a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief; on whose Account he shed his precious Blood, and parted with his valuable Life. View him preparing Mansions in his Father's House for all his People; Mansions in which they shall dwell for ever, unmolested by Sin or Affliction; favour'd incessantly with the brightest Discoveries of God's Glory, and the noblest Tokens of his Love; and shall perpetually adore the great Author of their Being, and the Source of their Blessedness. View him as one whom you shall see with your bodily Eyes in a very little Time; at whose Right-hand you shall be plac'd when he comes under the Character of a Judge, and with whom you shall ascend in Triumph after you have heard him say, *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the World.*

I hope these Directions will be kindly receiv'd and carefully observ'd by you, and then I shall have the unspeakable Satisfaction of being an Instrument in God's Hand for your Growth in Grace and Holiness; I shall have reason to conclude, that my stated Labours amongst you will turn to a good Account, and that these Poems will administer both Pleasure, and real Advantage to you.

I shall now conclude with my earnest Desire, that God would be pleas'd to make this little Piece serviceable to each of you, for the adding some Cubit to your spiritual Stature; that others also by the perusal of it may find their Love to God improv'd, their Savour of divine things encreas'd, and their Resolutions to promote the Honour of their best Friend confirm'd; and that if my Labour shall be of any use, all the Glory may be given to God, to whom alone 'twill be due; as 'tis his Blessing

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ing which renders the Means of  
Grace successful, for the Communi-  
cation of Grace to the Souls of his Peo-  
ple.

I am

Your most affectionate,

Tho' unworthy Pastor,

THO. HARRISON.



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contain'd in the First Book.

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POEMS



# POEMS

ON

## DIVINE SUBJECTS.

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### PART I.

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#### *The best Choice.*

I.

Wand'ring Shadow who would prize,

Which from the fond Pursuer flies?

A In vain he runs, and calls in vain,

Still at a distance he'll remain.

II.

What Man on empty Husks has fed,

When Dainties were before him spread?

When all that Nature could afford

Has crown'd his plenteous, cheerful Board?

B

III.

## III.

Yet were there such, I'd count them wise,  
 Compar'd with him, who till he dies,  
 Makes this World's Good his only Care,  
 And thinks Heaven's Joys Chimera's are.

## IV.

For when he leaps the Precipice,  
 He leaves th' imaginary Bliss ;  
 With Horror tries the fiery Sea,  
 Where Billows roar eternally.

## V.

But happy, O my God, are those,  
 Who place in thee their sole Repose ;  
 Who Earth's gay Vanities refuse ;  
 Thy Favour for their Portion chuse.

## VI.

In thee, at present, they possess  
 A true and solid Happiness ;  
 Till Death's soft Sleep shall close their Eyes,  
 Till their freed Souls to Heaven shall rise.

## VII.

There Streams of everlasting Joy  
 Which satisfy, but never cloy,  
 Around thy Throne incessant flow ;  
 There the best Fruits for ever grow.

## VIII.

I'll therefore put my Trust in thee,  
 As my supreme Felicity ;

My



*On Divine Subjects.*

My best Affections thou shalt have,  
Untill I'm summon'd to the Grave.

IX.

Then if (assur'd of thy rich Love)  
I can behold my Seat above ;  
Fearless I'll pass the Realms of Night,  
To tread the Fields of endless Light.



*Lord, I have loved the Habitation of thy House,  
and the Place where thine Honour dwelleth,  
Psalm 26. 8.*

I.

**I** Love, my God, the beauteous Place  
Which bears the Name of thine abode ;  
Where matchless Grace and Power divine,  
For many Ages have been show'd.

II.

That Grace which saves the Rebel-Man  
From heavy Chains, and endless Death ;  
Exalts the Saints from Earth to Heav'n,  
When they resign their feeble Breath.

III.

That Pow'r which quells the Tyrant Sin,  
And sets th' unhappy Captive free ;  
Which conquers Satan, and the Grave,  
For all who to the Saviour flee.

## P O E M S

### IV.

Within thy House, my dearest Lord,  
Fresh Strength I gain to run my Race ;  
There I'm permitted to behold  
My Sov'reign's reconciled Face.

### V.

There oft I sit, and tune my Soul  
To join the glorious Choir above ;  
Where every Tongue's employ'd in Praise,  
And every Breast is full of Love.

### VI.

Till I shall enter those fair Realms,  
Within thy Courts below I'd dwell ;  
That I the Wonders of thy Love,  
In grateful Songs of Praise, might tell.

### VII.

While thou dost Life and Health afford,  
I'll to thy House with Joy repair,  
Hoping to feel thy mighty Pow'r,  
Hoping to see thy Glory there.



The



*The Glory of the visible Creation.*

I.

**L**ORD! I contemplate with Delight,  
Thy various Works both Day and Night.  
What Glory shines thro' every part?  
What boundless Power, what wond'rous Art?

II.

Thy Arm stretch'd forth yon azure Sky,  
Made the bright Orbs which rowl on high;  
By thee was Earth's Foundation laid;  
Its Furniture by thee was made.

III.

All Things in beauteous Forms appear'd,  
By thy Almighty *Fiat* rear'd;  
At last thou from the Duff didst raise  
Thine Image *Man* to sing thy Praise.

IV.

The finish'd Work was then survey'd,  
In Wisdom, Pow'r, and Goodness made;  
The lovely Structure thou didst find  
Answer the Model in thy Mind.

V.

Loudly does ev'ry Part proclaim  
The Honour of its Maker's Name;

# POEMS

The Heathens when they gaze abroad,  
Are forc'd to own there is a God.

VI.

Praise, mighty Lord, to thee belongs,  
To thee I'll raise my cheerful Songs;  
My grateful Heart shall ever own  
My Life depends on thee alone.



## The Convinced Sinner.

I.

**W**retch that I am! what have I done?  
O where for shelter shall I run?

My Guilt distracts my restless Mind;  
My Soul no soft Repose can find.

II.

God's righteous Law I've rashly broke,  
Refus'd the Saviour's easy Yoke;

To Satan have a Captive been,  
And trod with Joy the Paths of Sin.

III.

But now I see my angry God,  
Extend his fierce avenging Rod;

Severely to chastise his Foes,  
Who, Rebels-like, his Will oppose.

IV.



IV.

This Instrument of Death I dread,  
While brandish'd o'er my guilty Head :  
Th' Almighty's Frowns such Pains create,  
As Mortal Tongue can ne'er relate.

V.

If now cold Death my Eyes should close,  
I must be plung'd in endless Woes;  
My precious Soul would sink to Hell,  
And there with damned Spirits dwell.

VI.

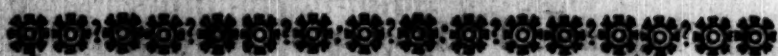
Methinks I see the Fiends below,  
To whom no Streams of Comfort flow;  
Their guilty Pleasures which are fled,  
Bring Storms of Vengeance on their Head.

VII.

The Blood of Christ can't cure their Pains,  
His Grace can't purge away their Stains;  
The Things belonging to their Peace  
Are hid, the Calls of Mercy cease.

VIII.

© blessed Lord, to me be kind;  
And condescend to heal my Mind;  
To thee alone for help I fly,  
© on whom I safely may rely.



*Are they not all ministring Spirits, sent forth to  
minister for them who shall be Heirs of Sal-  
vation ? Heb. 1. 14.*

## I.

**B**Ehold th' Angelick Hosts descend,  
Obedient to their Maker's Will !  
Their Charge they cheerfully fulfil,  
On his dear Children to attend !

## II.

They in this pleasing Work engage,  
Incessantly with great Delight,  
And guard the Saints by Day, by Night  
From the infernal Spirit's Rage.

## III.

At Home, Abroad, from numerous Woes,  
I'm sav'd by their unwearied Care ;  
Warn'd to avoid each fatal Snare,  
Laid by my subtle, restless Foes.

## IV.

When Night her sable Veil has spread,  
Fatigu'd I lay me down to rest,  
And with refreshing Sleep am blest,  
While these kind Guards surround my Bed.

## V.

The spiteful Fiends they drive away,  
And render all their Efforts vain ;

So that in Safety I remain,  
Till the Return of joyful Day.

VI.

The kind Assistance they afford,  
To the good Patriarch was reveal'd;  
When sleeping in the open Field  
He had a Visit from the Lord.

VII.

Great God, I bless thy holy Name,  
For such Attendants while I'm here;  
And when in Heav'n I shall appear,  
With them thy Goodness I'll proclaim.



*Love to Christ;*

I.

**B**Left Saviour, thou hast gain'd my Heart,  
Thy Glory, and thy matchless Grace  
Have made the Tyrant Sin depart,  
Made this ensnaring World give Place.

II.

No room is left within my Breast  
For its deceitful, empty Toys;  
I've entertain'd a nobler Guest;  
Who all my Faculties employs.

III.

With rais'd Wonder and Delight,  
I trace the Glories of my Lord,

While

While Faith supplies the Place of Sight,  
Faith grounded on his holy Word.

IV.

I view the God who came to save  
A Remnant of our fallen Race ;  
The Man who visited the Grave,  
That I in Heav'n might have a Place.

V.

I view the Lamb who reigns on high,  
And pleads with God, that all his Friends  
May mount with him beyond the Sky,  
When he the second time ascends.

VI.

Yes, I feel within my Breast  
The sacred Fire of Heav'nly Love ;  
A Love too great to be express'd  
O may it never thence remove !

VII.

Thus I by Faith would dwell with thee,  
Dear Object of my Soul's Delight ;  
Despising Earthly Vanity,  
Till Faith is chang'd for endless Sight.



*Desiring*



*Desiring to Know and Praise God.*

I.

**B**Right Spirits, who surround the Throne  
Of your *Jehovah*, Three in One ;  
And what you fully can't explore,  
With deep Humility adore.

II.

Fain would I join your shining Throngs,  
And learn your sweet, exalted Songs :  
Till then in more imperfect Lays,  
The King of Heav'n and Earth I'll praise.

III.

Come, holy Ghost, celestial Dove,  
Fill me with Light, with Joy, and Love ;  
By thee inspir'd, to thee I'll raise  
A Tribute of unfeigned Praise.

IV.

Thy pow'ful Word which did create  
Light the first Day, can dissipate  
The Mists which veil thy glorious Face,  
And hide the Riches of thy Grace.

V.

My Soul, by Sin's strong Chains confin'd,  
Thou in a Moment canst unbind,

And

## P O E M S

And raise my Powers beyond the Sky,  
 Prone groveling on this Earth to lie.

### VI.

Thou canst within my Breast excite  
 The noblest, most refin'd Delight:  
 All solid Pleasures flow from thee,  
 Whose Office 'tis to comfort me.

### VII.

Affistd thus I will proclaim,  
 The Glories of *Jehovah's* Name;  
 Till plac'd with those who live above,  
 Like them I know, and sing, and love.



## *Repentance and Faith.*

### I.

**T**HE Mist before my Eyes remov'd,  
 With Wonder struck I see,  
 Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous Crimes,  
 By which I've grieved thee.

### II.

These were the unrelenting Foes,  
 Which made thee groan and cry;  
 Which made thee shed thy pretious Blood,  
 And bow thine Head, and die.

### III.

Thy Love has thaw'd my frozen Heart,  
 And caus'd my Tears to flow;

*on Divine Subjects.*

I now abhor that Monster Sin,  
And find he is my Foe.

IV.

Stripp'd of his gaudy treach'rous Dress,  
Which long deluded me,  
He now appears in his true Shape,  
Compleat Deformity.

V.

Awak'ned thus I lay my Hand  
Upon thy sacred Head ;  
Once with a Crown of Thorns disgrac'd,  
With Glory now o'erspread.

VI.

My Soul looks back, and views the Weight  
Thou, spotless Lamb, didst bear,  
Nail'd to the painful, shameful Tree,  
Naked in open Air.

VII.

She trusts her Guilt was done away  
By her incarnate God,  
Who felt, to expiate Man's Offence,  
The Sin-revenging Rod.

VIII.

To him I now all Praise ascribe,  
Who my Deliv'rance wrought ;  
Glory to thee, O Lamb of God,  
Who hast my Ransom bought.

# P O E M S



## *On redeeming the Time.*

### I.

**B**Y Nature Prodigals we are,  
As tho' our Time wan't worth our Care ;  
For foolish Toys our Hours we waste,  
Thoughtless how soon they'll all be past.

### II.

At length, perhaps, Convictions seize  
The dying Man, before at ease ;  
Surpriz'd he wishes, but in vain,  
The Moments lost he could regain.

### III.

Afraid to die, his *All* he'd give,  
If t'would procure a short Reprieve ;  
But finds the World can't purchase Breath,  
Or fence against the Stroke of Death.

### IV.

How blest are they whom Grace makes *Wise*,  
Who Time, before 'tis fled, can prize !  
Who with unwearied, constant Care,  
For an eternal State prepare !

### V.

If Sickness comes they need not fear,  
But when th' expected Foe draws near,

Triumphing



*On Divine Subjects.*

Triumphing may resign their Breath,  
And meet, with Smiles, the Tyrant Death.

VI.

These faithful Stewards with Delight,  
When cheerful Day succeeds the Night,  
Shall see their kind, their faithful Lord,  
From him receive the great Reward.

VII.

Rowse, blessed God, my drowsy Pow'rs,  
That so my few remaining Hours,  
With constant Care I may improve,  
Preparing for my last Remove.

VIII.

Each Day some Tribute I would bring  
To thee, my everlasting King;  
Some Vict'ry over Sin I'd gain,  
And greater Purity obtain.

IX.

With Vigour tow'rd the Mark I'd press,  
The Mark of perfect Holiness;  
Encourag'd by the glorious Prize,  
Which in the heav'nly Kingdom lies.





*Let him that is a thirst, come: and whosoever  
will, let him take the Water of Life freely,  
Rev. 22. 17. latter part.*

## I.

**O** How stupendious is the Grace  
Of God's beloved Son!  
Who kindly warns our Fallen Race,  
From endless Woe to run!

## II.

The glorious Fruits he bids them share  
Of his redeeming Love,  
And in this lower World prepare  
To live with him above.

## III.

Hark! the exalted Saviour cries,  
Come, thirsty Souls, to me;  
I'm ready to bestow Supplies,  
Supplies both full and free.

## IV.

Each willing Sinner, now receive  
The Water which I give;  
No other Fountain can relieve,  
Can cause the Dead to Live.

## V.

Hath his Almighty Spirit made  
Our stubborn Hearts reply,

Lord,

Lord, thy Command shall be obey'd,  
To thee for Help we fly ?

VI.

Then let's in chearful Songs of Praise;  
Our Gratitude express;  
Devote to him our future Days,  
His Name for ever bless.

VII.

With eager Wishes let's invite  
Our dearest Lord to come,  
And take us to his Realms of Light,  
Our bright, our native Home.

VIII.

Come, *Jesus*, from thy lofty Throne;  
Thou Judge supreme appear  
In Pomp, and Grandeur, those to own  
Who love, and serve thee here.

IX.

Then I ev'n Face to Face shall see,  
My best, most valued Friend;  
When the last Trump shall sound, to thee  
With Joy I shall ascend.





*The cheerful Christian dying.*

I'LL humbly bow before thy Throne

My glorious King, my gracious God ;

Thy boundless Goodness I must own,

Ev'n while I feel my Father's Rod,

The precious Jewel, Health, is fled,

My Ease is chang'd for dolorous Pain ;

By Night, by Day, upon my Bed

I seek my wonted Rest in vain.

III.

I ev'ry Hour expect to be

A Captive to the Monarch Death ;

Nor one returning Day to see,

E'er I resign my feeble Breath.

IV.

But Death's pale Ensigns o'er me spread,

My rais'd Spirits can't dismay ;

I triumph on a dying Bed,

In thee, my All-sufficient Ray.

Thou, Lord, hast given thy self to me,

Thro' endless Ages to be mine ;

And I've resign'd my self to thee,

Resolv'd to be for ever thine.



VI.

When, therefore, I shall take my Flight,  
A Life of Glory shall begin;  
Th' approaching melancholy Night,  
The promis'd Day shall usher in.

VII.

Of Angels now a friendly Band,  
Commission'd by my tender Lord,  
Around my Bed in order stand,  
Their kind Assistance to afford.

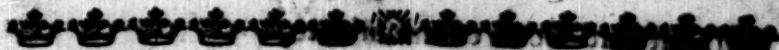
VIII.

They wait 'till Death shall set me free;  
To guard me from my pow'ful Foe;  
That blest with sweet Tranquillity,  
I, thro' his Realms, to Heaven may go.

IX.

Farewel my dear, my mournful Friends,  
Shed not for me a single Tear;  
The Night of Sorrow straightway ends,  
The long-expected Day is near.

X.



*And I will be their God, and they shall be my  
People, 2 Cor. 6. 16, latter part.*

XI.

**O** Who can hear the charming Sound,  
And not attempt to sing  
In pious, tho' imperfect Lays,  
Praise to th' Almighty King!

## II.

He calls to sinful, worthless Men,  
 From his resplendent Throne,  
 And proffers freely, thro' his Son,  
 T' adopt them for his own.

## III.

He'll pardon their provoking Crimes,  
 Altho' in Number more  
 Than all the Stars which gild the Skies,  
 Or Sands upon the Shore.

## IV.

On those who were the Heirs of Hell,  
 A Title he'll bestow  
 To Mansions, where in plenteous Streams,  
 Celestial Pleasures flow.

## V.

To him they may have free Access,  
 His kind Assistance crave;  
 Assur'd he'll all their Wants supply,  
 In Times of Danger save.

## VI.

He'll outward Good communicate,  
 Hand down their daily Bread;  
 Preserve them each revolving Day,  
 Set Guards around their Bed.

## VII.

He'll make them like his glorious self,  
 Still more, and more divine;  
 And feast them on his Love, which cheers  
 More than the richest Wine.

## VIII.

VIII.

His Smiles shall lighten ev'ry Woe,  
And sweeten ev'ry Care;  
While they for perfect Purity,  
And perfect Joys prepare.

IX.

Nor Death, nor Hell shall e'er destroy,  
The Objects of his Love;  
Secure they shall remain below,  
In Peace shall dwell above.

When from the Shades of Clay dismiss'd,  
Their sep'rate Spirits rise,  
A friendly Watchman they shall find,  
Unto their Native Skies.

Their Bodies too will be restor'd,  
When Christ, their Judge shall come,  
And made the Partners of their Soul,  
In their eternal Home.

Let me be found, O blessed Lord,  
Amongst the happy few,  
Who shall thy Bounty ever taste,  
Thy Brightness ever view.



And



*And suddenly there was with the Angel a Multitude of the heavenly Host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace, good Will towards Men, Luke 2. 13, 14.*

**W**hen the ETERNAL from his Throne  
Came down to visit Worms on Earth,  
Seraphick Spirits sang for Joy;  
Their cheerful Notes proclaim'd his Birth.

## II.

With awful, but harmonious Sounds,  
" Glory to God enthron'd on high,  
" And Peace to sinful Men below,  
The friendly Host transported cry.

## III.

Since Angels sing redeeming Grace,  
Awake my Tongue, awake my Heart,  
Awake my Wonder, Love, and Joy,  
I'll in the Confort bear a part.

## IV.

The noble Theme demands my Praise,  
While I the wond'rous Method view,  
Which gives the dying Sinner Life,  
Which gives th' offended God his due.



V.

That Method which his Wisdom fram'd,  
A Task for finite Minds too great;  
Tho' all the bright, celestial Choir  
Assembled had in Council sate.

VI.

Tho' here I oft with Tears complain  
How dim and feeble is my Sight,  
Not able now, alas! to bear  
The Splendor of eternal Light.

VII.

Yet here, my dearest Lord, I see  
Enough to raise the dying Flame;  
My Heart's awaked, and my Tongue  
Aloud thy Glory shall proclaim.

VIII.

Thy sacred Name my Soul adores  
For what I see, for what I taste:  
How happy are thy Saints, who feed  
From Day to Day on this Repast.



*In Commemoration of the dreadful Storm with  
which the Almighty visited this Land, No-  
vember 1703.*

I.

**G**reat God, thy Sov'reign Pow'r we own,  
On which each Moment we depend:  
Thou canst prolong our fleeting Days,  
Or to the Grave our Bodies send.

II.

## II.

Our Lives, and all that's good, we owe  
To our kind Maker's watchful Care:  
Our grateful Tongues thy Praise shall sing,  
Thy boundless Goodness shall declare.

## III.

When the fierce, dreadful Tempest came  
To punish this our guilty Land;  
Tho' startled we were kept from Harm,  
And shelter'd by thy saving Hand.

## IV.

Sad Desolations we beheld,  
And heard how Multitudes were slain;  
Some in their Dwellings were interr'd,  
Some perish'd in th' impetuous Main.

## V.

But we hereby were only warn'd  
From a more dreadful Storm to flee;  
By mourning for our num'rous Crimes,  
By giving up our selves to thee.

## VI.

And yet how few Returns of Love  
For this Salvation have we made!  
How often from the beauteous Paths  
Of thy most holy Precepts stray'd!

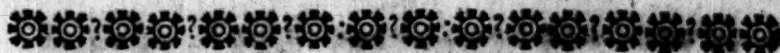
## VII.

Asham'd of this Ingratitude,  
Before our great Deliver now  
With godly Sorrow, awful Fear,  
And deep Humility we bow.

## VIII.

VIII.

Accept, dear Lord, the Sacrifice  
Presented thro' that Holy One,  
Whose precious Blood, once poured forth,  
Can for our heinous Sins atone.



*Praise to the Redeemer.*

I.

I Sing the God, whose tender Love  
Caus'd him to leave his Throne above,  
To dwell with sinful Worms below,  
And save them from eternal Woe.

II.

On fallen Men he cast his Eye,  
In depths of Mis'ry saw them lie ;  
Pity'd their State, resolv'd to come,  
And suffer freely in their room.

III.

A mortal Body he assum'd,  
Bled, groan'd, and dy'd, and was entomb'd ;  
At length, the Work thus finished,  
In Triumph left his dusty Bed.

IV.

To Heav'n's bright Realms he took his flight,  
Beyond the reach of our weak Sight ;  
There pleads with God for ransom'd Men,  
From thence in Pomp will come again.

D

V.

## V.

To him who has the Purchase made,  
Immortal Honours now be paid :  
The Glory of the Saviour's Name  
My Tongue in grateful Songs proclaim.



*Sorrow for Sinful Infirmities.*

## I.

**I** Mourm, dear God, to find my Soul  
Subject no more to thy controul ;  
When she'd thy pure Commands obey,  
Sin draws, or drives another way.

## II.

Love to the World's deluding Joys,  
From these blest Paths too oft decoys ;  
Too oft allur'd I go astray,  
And tread a smooth, but dang'rous Way.

## III.

I give the Substance of all Bliss  
For that which a meer Shadow is ;  
Which seems to recreate my Mind,  
But leaves a fatal Sting behind.

## IV.

And if, in vain, the World thus smiles,  
Nor with its pleasing Toys beguiles ;  
Its Frowns my tim'rous Soul assail,  
And oft, thro' Unbelief, prevail.

## V.



IV.

Perplexing Thoughts invade my Breast,  
Dark threatening Clouds forbid my Rest;  
And thus o'er-aw'd by Fears of Woe,  
Out of thy narrow Paths I go.

V.

Renew me by thy Grace, O Lord;  
Strength to my feeble Soul afford:  
With holy Vigour then I'll run;  
With constant Care Temptations shun.

VII.

The World's false Charms I'll then despise,  
Nor fear if Clouds begin to rise;  
But to m' important Work attend,  
Of thinking on my latter end.

VIII.

At length, entirely set me free  
From Fetters of Iniquity;  
That I in Holiness may vie  
With those that dwell beyond the Sky.



*Death's Approach to the Sinner.*

I.

**U**Nhappy Men, whom Death attacks  
Before they've made their Peace with God!  
The Stroke once past, they'll ever feel  
The Weight of his avenging Rod.

## II.

To an omniscient, righteous Judge  
 Their sep'rate Spirits strait must go,  
 By him be sentenc'd to endure  
 Torments, which shall no Period know.

## III.

Then from the Judge's awful Bar  
 Infernal Fiends their long-sought Prey,  
 Swiftly to Hell's tremendous Gloom  
 Shall with malicious Joy convey.

## IV.

Under the dreadful, fiery Sea,  
 Held down in Adamantine Chains,  
 The Criminals by Christ condemn'd  
 Shall suffer everlasting Pains.

## V.

A constant Scene of Horror there  
 Forbids the damn'd a Moment's Rest.  
 Despair, the never-dying Worm,  
 Always torments the guilty Breast.

## VI.

Of Wrath divine, in flaming Heaps  
 The boundless Ocean rows along;  
 The scalding Waves which roar aloud,  
 Always torment the wretched Throng.

## VII.

They call to mind their num'rous Crimes,  
 For which they're plung'd in this dire Woe;  
 And cry for Mercy, but in vain,  
 For thence no Prayers to Heav'n can go.

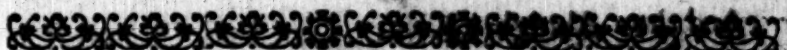
## VIII.

VIII.

Lord, fit me forth' Approach of Death,  
That when my Soul shall take her flight,  
She mayn't be hurry'd to the Place  
Where dwell the Shades of endless Night.

IX.

But when the Messenger is sent,  
May I be born on Angels Wings,  
To take possession of a Seat,  
Where dwells th' eternal King of Kings.



*The Love of Christ.*

I.

**J**ESUS thy Love exceeds,  
The Love of Earthly Friends;  
Bestows what'er the Sinner needs,  
Is constant, never ends.

II.

Thou art a Prophet, Priest,  
And everlasting King,  
To those who on thy Bounty feast,  
Who of thy Glory sing.

III.

Tho art their skilful Guide,  
When by thy Wisdom led,  
Hell to deceive in vain has try'd,  
Thick Mists around them spread.

## IV.

Down from thy pierced side  
A vital Stream did flow ;  
Barth'd in which they're purify'd,  
And sav'd from endless Woe.

## V.

Thro' thee they have access  
To God while here below ;  
Thro' thee they claim a Happiness,  
Which can no Period know.

## VI.

And thou Almighty King,  
Thy Subjects wilt protect ;  
Secure beneath thy out-strech'd Wing,  
Their Ruin none effect.

## VII.

Thy gentle Yoke they bear,  
Own thy Authority ;  
Observe thy righteous Laws with Care,  
And humbly bow to thee.

## VIII.

With thee they hope to reign  
On splendid Thrones above ;  
Where Clouds of Ign'rance can't detain  
The brightest Rays of Love.

## IX.

Thy Glory there appears  
In a distinguish'd Light :  
There are no melancholy Fears  
Of losing this blest sight.

Christ





*Christ exalted.*

I.

**J**ESUS who dy'd is now  
Plac'd on a lofty Throne ;  
Bright Spirits all around him bow,  
His just Dominion own.

II.

On Earth some love his Name,  
Confess their rightful King ;  
His matchless Glory they proclaim,  
Anthems of Praises sing.

III.

His Foes shall see at last  
An angry Judge appear ;  
And into Hell's dark Realms be cast  
For their Rebellions here.

IV.

Till then this glorious Lord,  
Seated at God's right-hand,  
Will there the purchased Reward  
For all his Saints demand.

V.

Th' unworthiest of his Friends  
Upon his Heart he bears ;

Cheer-

Cheerfully to their Cause attends,  
And for them Heav'n prepares.

## VI.

Blest Saviour, condescend  
My Advocate to be ;  
I could not have a better Friend  
To plead with God for me.

*A Good Conscience.*

## I.

\* " **M**Y gentle Rest is on a Thought,  
" Conscious of doing what I ought ;  
This, when the World would break my Rest,  
Preserves a Calm within my Breast.

## II.

Hence I conclude the Lord's my Friend ;  
That when I'm at my Journey's End,  
In Heav'n he'll grant my Soul a Place,  
The rich Reward of Sov'reign Grace.

\* *Marvell's Poems.*

*I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I  
am alive for evermore, Rev. i. 18. former  
part.*

I.

**T**HUS says the eternal Son of God,  
Once on the fatal Tree  
Life I resign'd ; but now am rais'd  
To Immortality.

II.

In Heav'n I dwell, and there I wear  
A never-fading Crown ;  
I have exchange'd Reproach and Scorn,  
For Glory and Renown.

III.

In Heav'n I dwell to plead with God  
The Causes of my Saints ;  
And when their great Accuser comes,  
To answer his Complaints ;

IV.

I'm always mindful of my Flock,  
Their Wants and Burdens know ;  
And when to me for Help they fly,  
All needful Grace bestow.

V.

At last, their Labours to reward,  
I will descend again,

And

And give them never-ending Joys,  
 Incessant of Grief and Pain.

## VI.

O great Redeemer of Mankind,  
 We praise thy holy Name;  
 Thy tender Care while Life shall last,  
 We'll to the World proclaim.

## VII.

To Heav'n we'll often raise our Thoughts,  
 And long thy Face to see;  
 To quit this Tenement of Clay,  
 Dear Lord, to dwell with thee.



*The resolute Christian.*

## I.

IN vain, by Satan, Snare is laid;  
 For I'm upon my Guard;  
 In vain are dreadful Tempets rais'd  
 My Progress to retard.

## II.

I'll run with Patience and Delight  
 To reign with Christ my Lord;  
 All Opposition I o'ercome,  
 Relying on his Word.

## III.

I know the Weakness of my Soul;  
 But Jesus is my stay;  
 My



My kind Redeemer has engag'd,  
To lead me in his Way.

IV.

And he'll for ever be the same,  
Tho' I to change am prone;  
My Welfare still he will promote,  
Who chose me for his own.

V.

Ye envious Foes, who line the Way  
Which brings me to my Crown,  
I (tho' your Power and Rage are great)  
Thro' Christ shall tread ye down.



*Desires after Communion with God.*

I.

I'D fain converse with thee, my God,  
While walking thro' this barren Land;  
Fain taste the Streams of boundless Joy,  
Which ever flow at thy Right Hand.

II.

Thy Presence to my weary Soul  
Each Day fresh Vigour will impart;  
And when born down by Loads of Woe,  
'Twill sweetly raise my drooping Heart.

III.

No Earthly Joys can be compar'd  
With those which from thy Presence flow;

When

When thou the Tokens of thy Love  
Dost on thy chosen Saints bestow.

## IV.

I must confess, with Grief and Shame,  
Too oft my foolish, roving Mind  
Has left her God for Things of Sense,  
To dote on Vanity inclin'd.

## V.

I've wander'd from the heav'nly Road,  
Led by a false, tho' glaring Light ;  
Trod the deluding Paths of Sin,  
Till sov'reign Grace has set me right.

## VI.

Let not my Crimes, which cry aloud,  
Spread o'er thy Face a dismal Veil ;  
But let, dear God, the louder Cry  
Of my Redeemer's Blood prevail.

## VII.

I'd keep thee always in my Thoughts,  
Preserve a Sense of thy rich Love ;  
And while confin'd to Earth below,  
By Contemplation dwell above.

## VIII.

Henceforth no Pleasure may I seek  
By which my God I should offend ;  
Cause him to turn his Face aside,  
And wound afresh my dearest Friend.



*A View of the Redeemer's Sufferings.*

I.

**B**Ehold ! my Soul, the matchless Grace  
Of Christ to Man's Apostate Race ;  
Who wore in Heav'n a glorious Crown,  
Yet in a Servant's Form came down :

II.

Who underwent the sharpest Pain,  
That we eternal Rest might gain ;  
Consented on a Cross to die,  
That we might reign with him on high.

III.

View all the various Griefs he bore,  
Bath'd in a Flood of purple Gore !  
See him encount'ring Hell and Death,  
And (tho' a Conq'ror) yield his Breath !

IV.

He knew the Time was just at hand  
When he must answer God's Demand ;  
And with his precious Life atone  
For Crimes he freely made his own.

V.

For this dire Conflict he prepares,  
Offers to God his fervent Prayers ;  
To whom alone he could resort,  
And thus implores divine Support.

## VI.

" Father, regard thy dying Son,  
 " Leave me not till my Work is done ;  
 " In thee alone Relief I find,  
 " Thou only canst support my Mind.

## VII.

" The great, important Hour is near,  
 " In which my Pains will be severe :  
 " A Band of gloomy Thoughts invade  
 " My Soul, and make me fore afraid.

## VIII.

" But if from thee Relief I gain,  
 " If thou my Honour wilt maintain,  
 " Thy holy Name I'll glorify,  
 " With Courage suffer, bleed, and die.

## IX.

Nor could he then unmindful prove  
 Of the dear Objects of his Love :  
 Once more his faithful Friends he meets,  
 And Pledges of his Grace repeats.

## X.

The Night before that awful Day,  
 On which he was our Debt to pay,  
 A fit Memorial he ordains  
 Of his approaching, dreadful Pains.

## XI.

This with a cheerful Song did end,  
 And only Three their Lord attend ;  
 The Three, who on Mount *Taber* stood,  
 And there his dazzling Brightness view'd.



XII.

With them he to the Garden goes,  
Expecting there his bloody Foes ;  
There on the Ground he prostrate lies,  
Presents to God his humble cries :

XIII.

There seeks to ease his troubled Breast,  
A Stranger now to Peace and Rest ;  
And while he bore the pond'rous Load  
(Such were his Pains) he sweated Blood.

XIV.

Th' Almighty shows his tender Care,  
And graciously inclines his Ear ;  
With speed an Angel's posted down,  
To comfort, and support his Son.

XV.

But soon, alas ! his Guard was gone,  
And soon fresh Grievs came rowling on ;  
Perfidious *Judas* is at hand,  
Attended with an armed Band :

XVI.

A Wretch, who of his own accord,  
For thirty Pieces sold his Lord ;  
And to compleat the Bargain made,  
His Master with a Kiss betray'd.

XVII.

A while the humble *Jesus* stood,  
Surpriz'd at their Ingratitude ;  
And then his mighty Pow'r made known ;  
Caus'd them to stagger with a Frown.

## XVIII.

But still resolving to pursue  
The gracious Work he came to do;  
Resolving still the Race to run,  
Which he so freely had begun.

## XIX.

He, tho' he could have struck them dead,  
Consented to be Captive led;  
And unto those himself resign'd,  
Whose Arms he with a Word could bind.

## XX.

Before th' High-Priest he first appear'd,  
By him to be condemn'd or clear'd;  
False Witnesses were sought in vain:  
None could the Charge they brought maintai

## XXI.

But on the Words which there he said  
A Charge of Blasphemy was laid;  
*This impious Man deserves to die,*  
With one accord the People cry.

## XXII.

With Spittele they his Face besmear,  
And his prophetick Office jeer;  
The harmless *Jesus* silent stands,  
And bears the Insults of their Hands.

## XXIII.

Then before *Herod* he is brought,  
By *Herod* too is set at nought:  
At last he comes to *Pilate's* Bar,  
Receives his final Sentence there.

## XXIV.

XXIV.

Then ignominious Strokes he bore,  
Which drew afresh large Streams of Gore;  
Was in a Scarlet Robe array'd,  
Mock Homage to the King was paid.

XXV.

He well deserv'd a Crown of Gold,  
But pricking Thorns his Head enfold,  
Which made his sacred Temples bleed;  
And in his Hand they plac'd a Reed.

XXVI.

Still to augment his Misery,  
They, in Derision, bow the Knee;  
With loud Reproaches wound his Ears,  
Regardless of his Sighs and Tears.

XXVII.

And yet before his Sorrows end  
He must Mount *Calvary* ascend;  
There on a Cross must Groan and Cry,  
And for ungrateful Sinners die.

XXVIII.

Surrounded by a num'rous Throng,  
With feeble Pace he walks along;  
On him the cursed Tree they laid,  
Two Robbers his Companions made.

XXIX.

And now, my Soul, try to recount  
His various Sorrows on the Mount:  
To make his Torments more compleat,  
The Wretches pierce his Hands and Feet.

## XXI.

The Thieves (tho' justly suffering Death)  
 Revil'd him with their dying Breath ;  
 Amidst their vast uncommon Woes  
 They join'd with his malicious Foes.

## XXXI.

But one of these his Pow'r soon felt,  
 His frozen Heart began to melt ;  
 Thro' a thick Cloud he now could see  
 Some Rays of Christ's Divinity.

## XXXII.

At last, convinc'd how much he needs  
 The Saviour's Help, for that he pleads ;  
 Perswaded of his boundless Love,  
 Which could his Guilt and Filth remove.

## XXXIII.

Thou, Lord, says he, in Heav'n shalt reign,  
 No more to suffer Shame and Pain ;  
 Ador'd by all the glorious Host,  
 Which fill the far-extended Coast.

## XXXIV.

When thus exalted thou shalt be,  
 O blessed Saviour, think on me :  
 How brightly will thy Mercy shine  
 In passing by such Sins as mine !

## XXXV.

The loving Jesus heard his Cry,  
 Made instantly this kind Reply ;  
 To Day, my Glory thou shalt see,  
 And reign in Paradise with me.

## XXXVI.



XXXVI.

Still the base Rabble treat with Scorn  
The Lord of Life, as one forlorn ;  
But no Complaints from him were heard,  
Patient and meek he still appear'd.

XXXVII.

None of his Foes he would upbraid ;  
But amidst all his Tortures pray'd ;  
" Father, my Enemies forgive,  
" Let these inhumane Murth'ers live.

XXXVIII.

Thus on the Cross three Hours he hung,  
With many pois'nous Arrows stung ;  
For Earth and Hell their Force combin'd  
To wound and grieve his spotless Mind.

XXXIX.

And mark the Anguish of his Soul,  
While o'er him Floods of Vengeance rowl ;  
Why hast forsook me, twice he cry'd,  
Then gently bow'd his Head and dy'd.

XL.

And lo! all Nature felt his Death ;  
Earth shook when he resign'd his Breath ;  
The Veil was torn, the Rocks were rent,  
And Darkness o'er the World was sent.

XLI.

Lord, let thy unexampl'd Love  
The Hardness of my Heart remove ;  
Fain would I feel a holy Flame,  
When e'er I hear thy charming Name.

— And



—*And will manifest my self to him, John 14.  
21. latter part.*

## I.

**T**IS Heav'n it self on Earth to see  
Thy Face, my dearest Lord;  
The noblest, most substantial Joys  
Thy cheering Smiles afford.

## II.

Thy Smiles in ev'ry dreadful Storm  
Support my sinking Mind;  
Unmov'd by fiercest Waves I stand,  
On thee by Faith reclin'd.

## III.

O glorious Sun, thy pow'ful Rays  
Drive Mists and Clouds away;  
Thy radiant Beams change gloomy Night  
Into a cheerful Day.

## IV.

And if my subtle, watchful Foes  
Seduce my carnal Heart;  
The Savour of thy Love renew'd,  
With all the World I'd part.

## V.

Yea, if my *Jesus* will at last  
From his resplendent Throne

Look

Look pleasantly upon my Soul,  
And tell me I'm his own ;

VI.

Just as the trembling Lamp goes out,  
Triumphing I shall raise,  
To him that conquer'd Death and Hell,  
A grateful Song of Praise ;

VII.

Shall imitate the Heavenly Choir,  
Till taught by them to sing  
Anthems in their more noble Strains  
To Christ, my glorious King.

VIII.

Thou sayst, dear Jesus, all thy Saints,  
Who love thy Face to see,  
Shall have, while in a Vale of Tears,  
Kind Visits oft from thee.

IX.

O let my Soul converse with thee,  
Who art my chief Delight ;  
The World can't ease my troubled Heart,  
If banish'd from thy Sight.





*On Death.*

*Part the First.*

I.

**D**eath sways his Sceptre o'er Mankind,  
None are exempted from his Stroke ;  
No Sages ever yet could find  
A way t'escape his heavy Yoke.

II.

The proudest Monarch must obey  
His Summons, and resign his Crown ;  
His Robes of State must throw away,  
And lay his golden Sceptre down.

III.

The greatest Prince who rules below,  
To whom his Fellow-Creatures kneel,  
Shall Death's superior Power know,  
His Bowels the keen Arrow feel.

IV.

They who in gilded Chariots ride,  
Attended by a num'rous Train,  
In vain would in their Wealth confide,  
And strive to shun his Dart in vain.

V.

The Man whose Board's with Dainties crown'd,  
Which to the Sight and Taste are good,

Shall



Shall run his short, appointed Round,  
For crawling Insects then be Food.

VI.

Nor will our humble fervent Cries,  
Th' approaching, fatal Stroke detain ;  
We see the good Man praying dies,  
Friends his Deliv'rance can't obtain.

VII.

Our Lord himself resign'd his Breath  
When he the Tyrant did engage ;  
He took away the Sting of Death,  
But fell a Victim to his Rage.

Part the Second.

I.

**A** Prey to Death I soon shall fall,  
As every Day a thousand do ;  
The tott'ring of the Prison Wall  
Shows Dissolution must ensue.

II.

A heavy Lump of uselefs Clay  
This curious Structure shall become ;  
Which the Survivors will convey  
With Tears to its appointed Home.

III.

My House a Pit of Earth must be,  
Where Night, and solemn Silence reign ;  
And there Corruption I must see,  
There, till the Judgment-Day, remain.

IV.

## IV.

My Soul shall bid the World farewell,  
 When Life the Vapour flies away ;  
 Unbody'd it shall go to dwell  
 In endless Night, or endless Day.

## V.

According to my State on Earth  
 Shall the decisive Sentence be ;  
 They who have felt the second Birth,  
 The second Death shall never see.

## VI.

But if from hence I take my flight  
 A Captive to the Tyrant Sin ;  
 Farewel to every cheering Light,  
 A Scene of Darkness must begin.

## Part the Third.

## I.

**E**Ach Moment of my fleeting Days,  
 The Sword, unsheathed o'er my Head,  
 Its Keenness to my sight displays,  
 Hangs quiv'ring by a single Thread.

## II.

When in the Morn I quit my Bed,  
 How am I sure my Life will last ?  
 E'er Night her gloomy Veil has spread,  
 My swift-wing'd Hours may all be past.

## III.

When Sleep, Death's Image, shuts my Eyes,  
 How am I sure I Light shall see ?

E'er

*on Divine Subjects.*

Ere at the Judge's Call I rise,  
And leave my long Obscurity.

Part the Fourth.

I.

**P**Repare me for my Change, dear Lord;  
That when so e'er I'm summon'd hence,  
Thy Presence Comfort may afford,  
And heav'nly Joy on Earth commence.

II.

O let thy Grace in all its Charms  
My Heart at last refresh and cheer;  
Till to my dearest Saviour's Arms  
A friendly Host my Sp'rit shall bear.

III.

The Pardon of m' Offences seal,  
Let all perplexing Fears remove;  
To my departing Soul reveal  
Her Int'rest in thy boundless Love.

IV.

Then Death will have an Angel's Face,  
No Terror raise within my Breast;  
With Pleasure I shall view the Place,  
In which my weary'd Flesh shall rest.



POEMS  
ON  
DIVINE SUBJECTS.  
6 JY 53

## PART II.

### *Self-Dedication.*

# I.

Great Sov'reign of the World, whose splen-  
did Throne  
G Is fix'd in Heav'n, whose Government alone  
From all controul remains for ever free,  
Most humbly I devote my self to thee.

IL

Thy Pleasure I'll with great Delight fulfil,  
Submit with Patience to thy sacred Will ;  
When murm'ring Thoughts arise within my Breast,  
Thy tender Love shall tune my Soul to rest.

### III.



*On Divine Subjects.*

51

III.

I'll tow'rd the Mark with constant Vigour press,  
Improve in Knowledge, Grace and Holiness;  
Till by degrees I to Perfection rise,  
And win the long-expected, glorious Prize.

IV.

And if I thro' Temptation go astray,  
Soon let me see the Error of my Way;  
Encourag'd by thy never-failing Grace,  
May I return to thee with swiftest Pace.

V.

'Tis fit, my God, thou shouldst be thus obey'd:  
For this, I by thy pow'rful Arm was made;  
For this, thou hast preserv'd my feeble Breath;  
For this, chain'd up th' insatiate Monster Death.

VI.

Thy own eternal Son from his bright Throne  
Came down, upon the Cross to bleed and groan;  
And after many bitter Pangs to die;  
That at thy Feet revolted Men might lie.

VII.

To him for Strength by Faith and Prayer I flee,  
To pay this solemn, cheerful Vow to thee;  
Leaning on him, unwearied I shall tread  
The Paths which to thy heav'nly Kingdom lead.

VIII.

While he's my stay, no Weights shall press me down,  
But on I'll run, then seize the pond'rous Crown;

I'll take possession of my fair abode,  
And dwell for ever with my dearest God.



*An Ode for the Morning.*

I.

**A** Wake my drowsy Pow'rs awake,  
And soar beyond the Reach of mortal Sight,  
To him who's cloath'd with undecaying Light,  
This pleasant Visit I would make  
When Shadows flee away,  
When cheerful dawn of Day  
Salutes my joyful Eyes,  
And humbly offer up a Morning Sacrifice.

**H.** Great, uncontrolled King,  
Who form'd'st me by thy Pow'r,  
On whom each sliding Hour  
For Life, and ev'ry Comfort I depend,  
My Thoughts with speed to thy bright Throne ascend,  
Desire and Love take wing,  
And ev'ry other proper Grace,  
Drawn forth by thee, with equal Pace,  
Flies to the distant, glorious Place ;  
To thee I now my grateful Tribute pay,  
For all the Mercies of the Night,

To.

To thee with humble Fervour pray,  
Thy boundless Goodness would delight  
To show'r down Blessings this approaching Day.

III.

I laid me down, my Strength with Labour spent,  
To take my needful Rest:  
A friendly Guard of Angels thou hast sent,  
Their watchful Stations round my Bed to keep,  
And with refreshing Sleep  
My weary'd Nature blest.

Thou said'st, inhumane Sons of Violence,

Attempt ye not to enter there;

Devouring Flames be far from thence,

That Dwelling's my peculiar Care;

Nor Pains, nor piercing Groans be near;

Approach not vain, perplexing Fear;

Descend soft Slumbers, quiet Sleep;

While I my Servant keep,

Embrace him in your downy Arms, till Light

Dispels the fable Darkness of the Night.

IV.

O let me still, my dearest God, abide

Beneath the Shelter of thy Wings;

The happy Man amidst ten thousand Dangers sings,

Who can in thy great Name confide;

Let me receive my daily Bread

From thy kind Hand, by which I've yet been fed.

Grant that I may this Day excel

In the great Art of living well;

Run swifter in the heav'nly Road;  
 And when engag'd to go assay,  
 With Caution shun each crooked Way,  
 Each Path which leads from yonder blest Abode;  
 And let me see thy lovely smiling Face,  
 Enjoy still larger Tokens of thy boundless Grace.



### *A View of Heaven.*

#### I.

**M** Aspiring Thoughts now on swift Wings  
 Of steadfast Faith, and flaming Love  
 Mount to the King of Kings;  
 Who dwells in pure, unmixed Light above.  
 There shining Seraphs, plac'd around his Throne,  
 His matchless Sov'reignty and Glory own;  
 With awful Fear lie prostrate at his Feet,  
 In whom, their only Centre, all Perfections meet.

#### II.

To these are join'd a num'rous Host  
 Of Saints, in order rang'd thro' Heav'n's wide Coast;  
 Who freed from Sin and Pain,  
 From ev'ry Care and Strife  
 (Th' Attendants of a mortal Life)  
 With God in Glory reign;  
 And that blest Lamb adore,  
 Who various heavy Torments bore,  
 And that he might obtain  
 Immortal Life for them, himself was slain.

#### III.



III.

Could I enter that bright Place,  
And having run my Christian Race,  
Receive the Crown of Glory from my Lord,  
Of his most sov'reign Grace, the blest Reward,  
Freely I'd drop this Tenement of Clay,  
And to a Mansion fly which never shall decay.



*The Dream.*

I.

ONE Night as on my silent Bed I lay,  
Tir'd with the Noise and Hurry of the Day,  
Lock'd in Sleep's gentle Arms,  
I fought with eager Wishes for the Road  
To a remote, a fair, retir'd Abode,  
Enamour'd with its Charms.

II.

And lo! some friendly Angel from above  
Came down to guide me that I might not rove,  
And proffer'd me his Aid;  
Swiftly the shining Seraph led the way,  
Joyful I follow'd him without delay,  
And as I went I said,

III.

I've long made trial of a busy Life,  
While various Cares, Noise, and unfriendly Strife  
Have banish'd sweet Repose;

Of

Oft wist'd the sable Curtain of the Night  
 Would hide these hated Objects from my Sight,  
 That Sleep my Eyes might close.

## IV.

But when Night came, and on my Bed reclin'd  
 My weary'd Body slept, my active Mind  
 Still had this World in view ;  
 In vain the Darkness hid it from my Sight,  
 While Fancy in imaginary Light  
 Presented it anew.

## V.

Now I'll exclude this vain import'nent Guest,  
 Resolve it shall no more invade my Breast ;  
 Far from it I'll depart.  
 The World's to Man a subtle, flatt'ring Foe ;  
 Pretends to please, but surely brings a Woe,  
 If once it gains the Heart.

## VI.

To yon blest Grove I gladly take my Flight,  
 Where ev'ry Day is silent as the Night,  
 Where glide transparent Streams ;  
 Where scorching Heat can't enter to offend,  
 And yet the Regent of the Sky will send  
 His warm refreshing Beams.

## VII.

There shall my uncloy'd Sense be gratify'd,  
 With Nature's curious Works on ev'ry side,  
 Of Ornaments the best,  
 With ever-during Greens, and fragrant Flowers,  
 Like those in Paradise which form'd the Bowers  
 Where *Adam* once did rest.

## VIII.

*on Divine Subjects.*

VIII.

The wing'd Inhabitants will often raise  
In sprightly Notes their grateful Songs of Praise.

To him by whom they live ;  
While their sweet Melody salutes my Ear,  
Th' inimitable Strains my Spirits will cheer,  
And noble Pleasure give.

IX.

Nor shall terrene Delight e'er bound my Bliss,  
Joys of a higher Birth by far than this

Shall make Retirement sweet :  
My God will fill my undisturbed Mind  
With Pleasures truly solid, and refin'd

In this my lov'd Retreat.

X.

And when he's pleas'd to call my Soul away  
I'll pass thro' gloomy Night to endless Day.

From Grief and Horror free.  
Some glorious Angel shall descend again,  
And lead me up to that celestial Plain

Where I shall ever be.

XI.

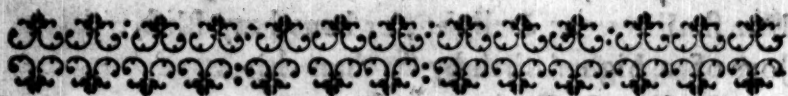
But suddenly the pleasing Vision fled,  
Awak'd I lay lamenting on my Bed

That still I must remain  
Without Relief amidst perplexing Cares ;  
Encompassed by num'rous hidden Snare,  
And drag a heavy Chain.

XII.

## XII.

But if while Life remains, thou blessed Lord,  
 Thy Soul refreshing Presence wilt afford,  
 With Patience here I'll stay,  
 Till Death's commissioned to set me free,  
 Till I in Triumph shall ascend to thee,  
 Thro' the Etherial Way.



*God withdrawing and returning.*

## I.

**W**hen I offend my gracious God,  
 He often makes me feel a Father's Rod;  
 I lose the Tokens of his Grace;  
 Dark Clouds are spread o'er his bright Face.  
 And angry Frowns appear  
 Where peaceful Smiles were wont my Soul to cheer.

## II.

Then all my Spirits fail, I'm drown'd in Tears,  
 Opprest with dismal Fears  
 Lest my fled Hopes were vain,  
 And I should ne'er th' expected Bliss obtain;  
 Lest God his Favour should deny;  
 His special Favour, which alone  
 Creates a true substantial Peace  
 Within the troubled Breast,  
 Causes each bitter Groan,

Ev'ry



Ev'ry heart-piercing Sigh,  
Each briny Tear to cease,  
Stills the fierce Winds and Waves, which would for-  
(bid my Rest ;  
His Favour which my Soul must gain,  
Or else must suffer everlasting Pain.

III.

Then I reprove my vain, inconstant Heart ;  
That could so easily consent  
With God's blest Company to part,  
Which rais'd Delight affords, and innocent,  
For Toys of Nature, or of Art,  
That yield unsatisfying Joys,  
Pleasure which while possessed cloy :  
My foolish Soul I sharply chide,  
That would not in the way of Peace abide ;  
But would, when tempted, rove  
From God her highest Good,  
Forget the rich Discov'ries of his Love,  
And thrust him from her Arms,  
Snar'd by the World's so much interior Charms ;  
Charms which should always be withstood  
By Christians, who profess  
This empty World too slight ;  
Tho' once the Object of their chief Delight,  
Once courted as their only Happiness.

IV.

Then I to him repair,  
Who's present ev'ry where ;

Present

Present to hear each fervent Cry  
Of those who at his Feet with Rev'rence lie ;  
Whose Wisdom is immense ;  
Whose Arm can instantly dispense  
Whate'er his People crave ;  
And at all Seasons, in all Troubles save :  
No Task too great for his Omnipotence.  
To him with holy Ardour thus I pray ;  
O let the dark, unpleasant Night,  
My God, be changed for a bright,  
A long, unclouded Day.

Now, dearest Lord, vouchsafe to give  
Some gracious Tokens of thy tender Love,  
Which will at once my Grief and Fear remove.

And free me from my Pain ;  
Thy Favour 'tis on which I live ;  
One Smile restores my Soul to Health again.

## V.

And lo ! my Pray'rs arise,  
Pierce thro' yon azure Skies,  
And prove to God thro' Christ a grateful Sacrifice.  
With Joy ineffable, I see  
Him move the Interposing Cloud,  
Which robb'd me of my sweet Tranquility ;  
And hear him call aloud ;  
No longer mourn, dejected Soul,  
But flee to Christ, he'll make thee whole,  
The great Physician who can never fail,  
Whose Skill and Pow'r in ev'ry Case prevail.

Look

on Divine Subjects.

Look thro' the Hands, the Feet, the Side  
Of him who on Mount Calvary dy'd;  
And see my fiercest Wrath now fully pacify'd,  
Break forth in Songs of Joy;  
And let the Glories of my Face,  
The matchless Riches of my Grace,  
Each Day thy wondering, thankful Mind employ.



*Received up into Glory, 1 Tim. 3. 16.*  
ter part.

**F**rom this vile World to boundless Realms of Light  
In Triumph did my blessed Lord ascend;  
Where Myriads of immortal Sp'rits delight,  
Upon his sacred Person to attend.

**II.**  
Prostrate they lie before his flaming Throne,  
Admire the Glories of the heavenly Place;  
But lo! its dazzling Lustre all is gone  
While he displays the Charms of his bright Face.

**III.**  
To him they willing Adoration pay,  
Own him their Maker, and their rightful King;  
Unweary'd in his Service, Night and Day,  
Anthems in Honour of his Name they sing.

# POEMS

This is the great Reward of all his Pain,  
By which for our Offence he did atone;  
His Father promis'd that he soon should gain  
In Heav'n a glorious, everlasting Throne.

## The Spiritual Traveller.

### I.

FROM Egypt's Land, to Canaan's blissful Plains,  
Where the long weary'd Soul an endless Rest obtains,  
I haste with utmost Speed;  
Rejoycing that I'm freed  
From my unhappy Bondage, and my heavy Chains.  
But hard it is to tread  
Th' uneven Paths, which lead  
To yonder bright Abode.  
The pricking Thorns are strow'd  
Thro' ev'ry Path of Virtues narrow Road.  
By turnings lead the Man aside,  
Who follows not with strictest Care his Guide;  
And in this Wilderness abound  
The rav'nous Beasts of Prey;  
These the poor Traveller surround,  
These watch him Night and Day.

### II.

Lord, since the way is rough, and I am weak,  
Thy kind Assistance I most humbly seek;



*On Divine Affliction.*

Nor suffer me such Damage to sustain  
From the sharp Thorns which pierce my Feet;  
As would my Progress stay:  
But if thy Wisdom shall see meet  
To let them wound me on my Way,  
Patience and needful Courage let me gain,  
And when desponding Thoughts invade my Breast,  
Help me to own, dear Lord, thou knowest what is best.

III.

And let my *Jesus* condescend  
To be my constant Guide;  
In him, my Soul with Safety may confide  
For all Directions, till I end  
This Journey, till I come  
To my oft-wish'd for, everlasting Home:  
He can direct me when so e'er I need;  
When humane Wisdom cannot show  
The Paths in which I ought to go:  
He can reclaim my wand'ring Feet, and lead  
My Soul restor'd, up to the promis'd Land,  
To take her purchas'd Seat at his Right-hand,  
Where Rivers of immortal Pleasure flow.

IV.

Nor let the Savage Beasts disturb my Peace,  
Which in this Wilderness abound,  
And hunt the Desert round;  
Whose Industry and Malice never cease.  
If they assault me fir'd with Rage,  
Constrain me in the Combat to engage,

# POEMS

Lord, send me down Supplies;  
 Make me so valiant, strong, and wise,  
 That I the Vict'ry may obtain,  
 And render all their Onsets vain.  
 If by their fierce Assaults I'm hurt,  
 Thy Pow'r to heal my Wounds with speed exert.

## An Ode for the Evening.

**M**Y Thoughts, and best Affections, all attend,  
 While I from this vain World to Heav'n ascend;  
 My Tongue, the Praises of thy Maker sound,  
 Who, as the circling Hours this Day went round,  
 My Life protracted still, and with new Mercies  
 (crown'd

### II.

Isaac's watchful Eye, his mighty Arm  
 Have been my Safe-guard from destroying Harm;  
 In him my Soul shall evermore confide;  
 In God my Rock secure I may abide,  
 When threat'ning Dangers stand planted on ev'ry side.

### III.

For outward Wants I have receiv'd Supplies,  
 In answer to my Morning fervent Cries;  
 Some spiritual Light, some Strength and quickning  
 (Grace,  
 To run, (altho' with slow and feeble Pace)  
 In Virtue's narrow Paths my yet unfinish'd Race.

*on Divine Subjects.*

IV.

And when before God's awful Throne I bow'd,  
My Failings rais'd no interposing Cloud:  
I saw m' eternal Father's smiling Face,  
With Extasy beheld a vacant Place  
Purchas'd, almost prepar'd within his kind Embrace.

V.

Now, dearest Lord, I bath my wounded Soul  
In that blest Stream which makes the Sinner whole:  
This Evening I resume my wonted Prayer,  
Since still I need, still let me have a share  
In thy unbounded Pow'r, thy Wildom, Love, and  
(Care)

*The Wish; or a Desire after Retirement from  
the Hurries of the World.*

W<sup>H</sup>EN our *Parent*, by his Love seduc'd,  
His blest Allegiance to his Sovereign broke;  
Eating the Fruit of which his God had said,  
Thou shalt not eat; ungrateful of the Gift  
So late bestow'd by him, who of the Dust  
His Body fram'd; and breath'd immortal Life;  
Into the Clay: Then the almighty God  
(His Breast with Indignation justly fill'd  
Against th' ungrateful Man) high lifted up  
His pow'ful Arms; and instantly began  
To scatter Vengeance thro' the new-made World:  
Th' Offender to his awful Bar he call'd;

Who, full of inward Guilt, with trembling Joins,  
 With down-cast Eyes, and ghastly Looks, which shew'd  
 The Horror of his Mind, before his Judge  
 Omniscient, and impartial, stood to hear  
 The heavy Doom; That he, e'er long, should mix  
 With Earth from whence he came, and live till then  
 Of gentle Rest depriv'd (Eden no more  
 His peaceful Mansion) and confin'd to spend  
 The Time of his Reprieve in servile Toils.

But if to Heav'n my Wish might grateful be  
 (Not that I would prescribe to one All-wise,  
 To one whose Grace is like himself, immense:)  
 I'd leave this hurrying World with speed depart  
 To some Abode, still as the silent Night,  
 And these few Things should mitigate the Woes  
 Of human Life, the dire Effects of Sin.  
 Of Wealth, a competent Estate I'd have,  
 So much as would my various Wants supply  
 Without the anxious Cares, perplexing Fears,  
 And Hurries, which confound the Minds of those,  
 Who labour for their Bread. My little Seat  
 Within some unfrequented Grove should stand,  
 Amidst the fragrant Bowdies, and purling Streams,  
 Where the wing'd Chorus often, and where  
 In tuneful Notes they warble forth to him  
 The Tribute of their Praise, who gave them Breath,  
 Who gives them Rest each Night, and sends each Day  
 Their needful Food. I'd have this shady Grove  
 Near some fair Town furnish'd with all Supplies.



on Divine Subjects.

To this each sacred Day I would repair,  
And there appear before my Sovereign Lord;  
There worship him amidst a pious Throng,  
My Soul his Courts attends beyond the Tomb  
Where guilty Pleasures dwell. On other Days  
I'd oft employ my Thoughts on heavenly Themes;  
Leave this vain trifling World, and mount on high  
To that blest Place in which Jehovah sits  
At first his Throne, and where his Glories shine,  
Without a Cloud to intercept their Rays  
From Eyes immortal, Eyes that can endure  
The blissful Sight undrunk. Then I'd view  
The Way by which my Soul expects to gain  
A Mansion in those Realms of endless Light;  
Survey with Wonder, Joy, and flaming Love,  
The great Redeemer of our fallen Race,  
Paying the Price of Ransom on the Earth,  
And claiming what he purchased, while he sits  
Exalted on a Throne at God's Right-hand,  
Then all the Paths with strictest Care I'd seek,  
Which lead the ransom'd to their Seats above,  
Sometimes I'd talk with sage Philosophers,  
Whole Works have gain'd an immortal Fame  
Thro' Learning's Empire; and with Sophists  
Homer, Euripides, and all the rest  
For Poetry renown'd, of Grecian Birth;  
With Horace, Virgil, and sweet Ovid too;  
So justly fam'd for soft harmonious Numbers  
And when my weary Mind demands a loose,  
I'd have one tale, one kind, ingenious Tale

With whom to hold sweet Converse, till my Strength  
By Contemplation long and fixed spent,  
Needful Recruits obtains. Thus with Delight  
I'd pass the swift-wing'd Day of mortal Life,  
And wait for Night's approach. When that is come  
My Flesh shall rest in Hope, my Spirit be rais'd  
Above this World to heavenly Eden's Plains,  
Whither no subtle Serpent e'er shall find  
Admittance to seduce the happy Man,  
And rob him of his unmix'd Joy and Rest.



*On God's Government.*

**J**ehovah gave to all Things birth;  
He governs both in Heaven and Earth;  
Obsequious Spirits stand around his Throne,  
With great Alacrity,  
Protest themselves to be  
His Servants, and his just Dominion own.  
Commanded by the King of Kings,  
At once they stretch their living Wings,  
And on th' important errand fly away;  
When he makes known his Will,  
They every Change fulfil,  
Nor for a single Moment dare delay.  
They fall before him Night and Day,  
His bright Perfections they survey;

on Divine Subjects.

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With awful Rev'rence to those Things attend,  
Of which no finite Mind  
The boundless Depth can find,  
Which none but God himself can comprehend.

IV. May be remote from

His various Works they also view,  
In which they still find something new,  
In which they see with Wonder and Delight

Marks of Omnipotence,  
Of Wisdom that's immense;  
Extatick Joy the pleasing Scenes excite,

V. May wonder to and no

O'er Earth Jehovah reigns supreme,  
And orders all Things by the Scheme,  
The beauteous Scheme in his own Councils laid,

E'er Time began to be,  
E'er Earth was form'd, or Sea,  
E'er he the World's Inhabitants had made.

VI.

Vain Man may impiously deny  
That God beholds him from on high:  
But Reason, when unbiass'd, clearly shows  
His Works he must regard;  
Altho' 'tis often hard

The Springs of his Proceeding to disclose.

VII.

And since to err we all are prone,  
Guided by Nature's Light alone,  
From Heav'n a Revelation God has sent:  
By this we Knowledge gain,  
And can with Ease explain  
Some Myst'ries of th' Almighty's Government.

VIII.

# SONNETS

## VIII.

Thro' its Assistance we can find  
A Man from Grief instantly free,  
Who basks in Streams of wealthy Joy each Day,  
May be remote from Bliss,  
Of Life eternal wife,  
Because he will not tread the heav'nly Way.

## IX.

This teaches, that the Man oppress'd  
With num'rous Woess may be at rest,  
And that the Beggar may be Rich indeed,  
May wander to and fro  
For Bread, in Frost and Snow,  
Yet nought amidst his pressing Wants may need.

## X.

Our Wonder, therefore, well may cease,  
That wicked Men should not have Peace,  
While anxious Cares distract the pious Soul;  
They have their Heav'n below,  
Hence to dark Realms must go,  
Where Floods of Wrath unmix'd for ever flow.

## XI.

But all the Saints are blest of God,  
Are happy while they feel his Rod:  
Tho' angry, he is still their faithful Friend:  
Their sinking Minds he'll stay,  
And guide them in their way,  
Till to their blessed Mansion they ascend.

## XII.

Glory to thee, great King, belongs,  
To thee we raise our joyful Song,  
To thee we raise our joyful Song.



Our Tongues thy bright Praise shall display,  
 Whose to thy Works are due;  
 Thy wondrous Works shall praise,  
 To thee his willing Adoration pay.

### Thanks in Affliction

**M**Y Soul depriv'd of gentle Rest,  
 With sharp, corroding Thoughts oppress'd,  
 To thee, Almighty Lord, for Succour flies:  
 None e'er to thee resort in vain.

Thou wilt his bur'den'd Mind sustain,  
 Who heavily on thy Feet is leaning.

### II.

This is a bitter Cup indeed,  
 O Father, who I feel;  
 Why, therefore, should I this Worn repine  
 All murm'ring Thoughts keep far away,  
 Patience, my kind Assistant say;  
 My self, and all I have to him I would resign.

### III.

From God's rich Grace my blessings flow,  
 Who what he pleases may bestow,  
 And when he pleases shall his mercies show,  
 In grateful Songs I will adore him;  
 My Tongue while I am living shall  
 And when his Favours are withdrawn I'll not complain.

### IV.

His gracious Smiles shall show my **Mischance**  
 While in these gloomy **Valleys** I am **cast**  
 And when I lay my mortal **Body** down  
 All Trouble shall for ever cease,  
 I shall no more be **grieved**, I shall be **at ease**  
 I shall no more be **grieved**, I shall be **at ease**

While dismal Clouds hang o'er my Soul,  
 And saddest Sorrow fills my Soul,  
 Faith helps my short and feeble Sight:  
 The End of this dark **Scene** appears,  
 The End of Sighs, and briny Tears,  
 I view the distant Land in which I will ne'er be Night.

Our **Conversation** is in **Heaven**, **Psalm 138**

**T**o thee, dear God, my Thoughts ascend,  
 To thee my Father, and my Friend,  
 Whose **gracious** **Merits** know no **Bound** nor **End**.

I view the **Righteous** of my **Race**,  
 The **Riches** of thy **Servants** **Grace**,  
 To which each **weakly** **Sinner** gives **praise**.

III.

While Faith and Love assist my Flight,  
I gaze upon the charming Sight,  
And feel within my Breast a rais'd delight.

IV.

At thy Right-hand my Lord I see,  
There pleading for unworthy me,  
That I may ever dwell with him, and thee.



*Thoughts under Affliction.*

I.

I Will not, cannot dote on Life,  
Or dread the Thoughts of being summon'd hence:  
Here various Ills each sliding Hour comment:  
Here I am held in Chains of Sorrow, Care, and Strife:  
Here real Pleasure I can seldom find  
Throughout the tedious Day, or on my Bed reclin'd,  
And ev'n my noblest Joys fly faster than the Wind.

II.

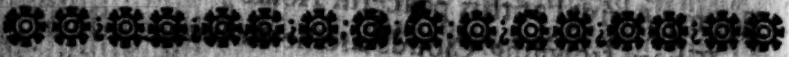
But when I pass Death's gloomy Vale,  
This Flesh, with all its Burdens, I shall leave,  
Which now my poor afflicted Soul bereave  
Of heav'nly Joys, and cause my long try'd Spirits to fail:  
Not one of these shall dare to follow me,  
When my once fetter'd Soul, from all its Bonds set free,  
Shall mount on Angels Wings, to Angels Company.

III.

O then (my Soul's with Rapture fill'd  
While the transporting Thought dwells in my Breast)  
Then

P O E M S

Then I shall bathe in Seas of endless Rest,  
And drink large Draughts of Joy from God's rich Love  
(distill'd.  
Nor is there mixture in the generous Bowl,  
Which always will supply my happy uncloy'd Soul,  
And yet be always full while endless Ages rowl.



*O that I had Wings like a Dove, then would I  
flee away, and be at rest, Psalm 55. 6.*

**R**EST ! how I love the soothing Sound !  
But where this Treasure might be found,  
I oft have sought in vain :

At length I see the happy Place,  
Where, having finish'd well Life's tedious Race,  
My weary'd Soul the Blessing shall obtain.

II.

I'm by Experience taught it dwells not here ;

For often anxious Care, perplexing Fear,

And pensive Grief Man's Peace molest ;

What dreadful Storms Sin raises in my Breast !

Sin which will keep its antient Residence,

Till Death is sent to drive it hence :

And num'rous Woes without abound ;

Woes on ev'ry side surround,

But far beyond the reach of mortal Sight,

A quiet Haven lies,

Where threatening Dangers can't affright,

Nor boist'rous Waves of Sorrow rise.

Thither



Thither my sep'rate Soul shall wing away,  
There dwell, while this forsaken Clay  
Sleeps thro' the long and gloomy Night,  
Which will be follow'd by a glorious Day.

III.

O that the joyful Hour was come  
For my Arrival at this peaceful Home;  
Where frowning Clouds are never seen,  
Where the fierce North-Wind never blows,  
Nor swelling Floods forbid Repose,  
But where each beauteous Mansion is serene.

On the Day of Judgment.

I.

**B**Ehold! the great, the awful Day is near;  
When we before our Maker shall appear:  
Angels and Men shall hear their final Doom,  
When Christ, in Pomp, with Troops of shining Guards  
(shall come.

II.

A sad amazing Scene shall lead the Way,  
And usher in this last, important Day:  
Loud Peals of Thunder then shall roar on high,  
And winged Balls of Fire dart swiftly thro' the Sky.

III.

The golden Sun that rules the cheerful Day,  
Shall run no more along th' Etherial Way;  
The Moon and Stars shall cease their wonted Race,  
Which have for Ages royl'd around the liquid Space.

IV.

## IV.

The Earth amidst devouring Flames shall stand,  
 And Trumpets Sound proclaim the Judge at hand;  
 All then alive he'll in a Moment free  
 From mortal Flesh, and cloath with Immortality.

## V.

The Sea and Land must render back their Dead,  
 The King of Terrors must be Captive led:  
 His Prisoners Christ will with a Word restore,  
 They all shall live again, shall live to die no more.

## VI.

The truly Pious shall with Joy ascend,  
 To meet the Judge, their everlasting Friend,  
 The Wicked will attempt to flee in vain,  
 No Covert from the Storms of his fierce Wrath obtain.

## VII.

While Good and Bad before his Seat appear,  
 The Good shall first their welcome Sentence hear,  
*Ye blessed of my heav'nly Father come,*  
*And take possession of your bright eternal Home.*

## VIII.

Then to the Bad the angry Judge will say,  
 You, impious Wretches, shall be dragg'd away;  
 You must for ever dwell in Flames below,  
 Incessant Torments there with Satan undergo.

## IX.

O great Redeemer, when thou com'st again,  
 Thy Approbation let my Soul obtain;  
 Let me with Pleasure see thy glorious Face,  
 And be receiv'd to Heav'n, to dwell in thy Embrace.

# POEM

TO THE

# MEMORY

Of the Reverend

**Mr. BENJAMIN STINTON,**

**Who Dy'd February 11, 1711.**

---

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut Modus*

*Tam cari Capitis?*

*Quando ullum invenient parem?*

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 24.

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**Printed in the YEAR 1719.**



TO THE  
PREFACE

OF THE  
TO THE  
MUSEUM  
BY  
1751



MR. BENJAMIN STANTON

STANTON, the Reverend Man of God,  
is dead.  
When his spirit was in the land of the living,  
They should not have my soul leave.

And in my hand, before at Rest,  
With many good things, I have given.

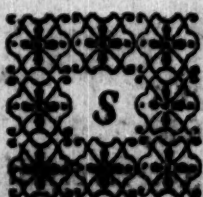


A  
P O E M  
T O T H E  
M E M O R Y

Of the Reverend

*Mr.* BENJAMIN STINTON.

I.

 TINTON, the Reverend Man of God,  
(is dead !  
When first these heavy Tidings came,  
They almost quench'd my vital Flame !  
Serenity and Pleasure fled,  
And left my Mind, before at Rest,  
With many gloomy, ruffling Thoughts oppress.

II.

## II.

Alas, our sinking Cause ! with Tears, I said ;  
 How can the lofty Fabrick stand,  
 Since now, by God's severe Command,  
 The two chief Pillars on the Ground are laid :  
 \* *Maisters and Sinton*, who their larger share  
 Of the vast Weight no more shall bear !  
 When *Sampson* the *Philistines* to requite,  
 Who in his Shame and Mis'ry took delight,  
 Resolv'd th' assembled Foes at once to slay ;  
 He pull'd the Building's two main Props away,  
 And soon the House in wild Disorder lay.

## III.

But when my Reason could afford  
 My anxious Spirit no Relief,  
 Nor ought suggest t' allwage my Grief,  
 I look'd by Faith up to th' Almighty Lord.  
 His unseen Arm, said I,  
 The Place of Instruments can now supply,  
 And when soe'er he will,  
 The vacant Stations he with Ease can fill.

## IV.

Then on the mournful Flock I cast my Eye :  
 Their Hopes and Joys were gone,  
 No Light around them shone,  
 No Dawn of cheerful Day they could espy ;  
 But briny Tears stream'd down on ev'ry side,  
 While they, with one accord, in doleful Accents cry'd.

---

\* *The Reader may see the Reverend Mr. Maisters's just Character in his Funeral Sermon.* An

An angry God our *Pastor* has remov'd,  
 The tender *Pastor* we so dearly lov'd.  
 With Faithfulness and wond'rous Skill he fed  
 Our hungry Souls, dispensing heav'nly Bread;  
 And when the Sun scorch'd with his fiery Beams,  
 Led us in Shades, by cool, refreshing Streams:  
 He, when in crooked Paths we went astray,  
 Warn'd us, with speed, to quit the dang'rous Way:  
 Our Welfare, Day and Night, his Thoughts employ'd;  
 Our Grievs he made his own, our Pleasures he enjoy'd.  
 But now he's gone! no more he'll be our Guide,  
 No more reclaim us when we run aside;  
 No more our drooping Hearts refresh and cheer,  
 Nourish our Hope, and drive away our Fear;  
 No more sweet Messages of Grace he'll bring  
 From our kind Saviour, and exalted King;  
 No more the Riches of his Love display,  
 And heav'nly Pleasures to our Souls convey,  
 The Glimm'ring of a bright, eternal Day.  
 Your soft Compassion, neighb'ring Flocks, bestow  
 On us, who bear so vast a Load of Woe;  
 Be, like your Saviour, merciful and kind,  
 As you would Mercy when in Mis'ry find.  
 Condolance in Affliction is Relief,  
 And gen'rous Pity softens every Grief.

V.

While thus my brooding Thoughts pursu'd  
 The melancholy Theme, I view'd

Ano-

Another Scene, which still my Sorrow fed,  
 The Widow, now left desolate,  
 Lamented her afflicted State,  
 And, for a Time, each peaceful Thought was fled.  
 All drown'd in Tears, methought, she lay  
 Stretch'd on a Couch, where Darkness reign'd,  
 No Respite from her Grief obtain'd,  
 Nor wish'd to see the cheerful Day,  
 But seem'd resolv'd to sigh, and weep her Soul away.  
 A thousand pleasing Acts she call'd to mind,  
 Of the dear Man remov'd,  
 By whom she was so tenderly belov'd,  
 That none a kinder Mate could ever find.  
 Then she reflected on his sudden Death,  
 The doleful Change survey'd,  
 Which a few Hours had made;  
 Thought how, in great surprize,  
 She saw him close his Eyes,  
 And held him in her Arms, while he resign'd his Breath.  
 In this Distress, close by her side  
 Four helpless Orphans in their tender Years,  
 Stood, and discharg'd a Flood of Tears;  
 They wrung their Hands, and in sad Anguish cry'd,  
 (Anguish enough to pierce a Heart of Stone)  
 Our Father, O our loving Father's gone!  
 At length, I try'd to ease my lab'ring Mind,  
 By thinking what my worthy Friend had gain'd,  
 Who,



Who, when releas'd from this bad World, obtain'd  
The fair Celestial Seat to him assign'd,  
And thus (too long by mournful Thoughts oppress'd)  
I sung, and tun'd my unquiet Mind to rest.

Blest Saint! the Work allotted thee was done,  
Thy heav'nly Race with Joy and Patience run.  
Thy spiteful Foes, thro' Christ, were vanquish'd,  
The pond'rous Crown stood ready for thy Head,  
When from the breathless Clay thy cheerful Spirit fled.  
Death's sudden Stroke was no surprize to thee;  
The welcome Friend thou oft didst wish to see;  
He came and found thee ready for thy Flight,  
And sent thee to the World of fathomless delight.  
The guardian Angels who did for thee wait,  
Receiv'd their Charge, and bore thee up in State.  
They throng'd around thy Soul, dismiss'd from Clay,  
And led thee on in the Etherial Way,  
Till at the World arriv'd where all thy Treasure lay.  
When they had brought thee to Heav'n's bright Abode,  
They show'd thee there the spotless Lamb of God,  
Who has exchange'd Reproach for high Renown,  
And pricking Thorns for an illustrious Crown.  
Thou didst behold th' Assembly prostrate laid,  
While they to him their Adoration paid.  
He saw thee soon, and, smiling, gave command,  
That thou shouldst ever in his Presence stand;

# POEM.

What then should'st over all the happy Seat,  
For which, by Grace on Earth, he made thee meet.  
There now thou seest thy Father Face to Face,  
Art folded in thy Saviour's kind Embrace;  
There dost with Myriads of bright Spirits join  
In their exalted Songs, Songs all divine;  
There, free from Toils and Woe, thou shalt be blest  
With perfect, constant, and eternal Rest.  
Thy sleeping Dust shall be awak'd at last,  
When the dark, solitary Night is past;  
Shall be by Christ's all-pow'rful Voice restor'd,  
Made like the glorious Body of thy Lord;  
Plac'd in thy antient Dwelling, thou shalt stand  
With Joy and Triumph, plac'd at his Right hand,  
With him to Heav'n return, there on a Throne,  
Shalt reign in Bliss compleat, and Joys before unknown.

6 JY 53

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 29. l. 17. for Thou read Thou. Page 67. l. 1.  
and faced

31/3/30

